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A
P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of

JOHN GREGORY, M. D.

Late Profeffor of the PRACTICE OF PHYSIC
in the Univerfity of EDINBURGH.

A D D R E S S E D

To the STUDENTS OF PHYSIC in that Univerfity.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by A. MURRAY and J. COCHRAN.

Sold by W. GORDON, and other Booksellers. 1773.

[Price Sixpence.]



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Dr JOHN GREGORY.

I Who erewhile attun'd the oaten reed
To strains of joy; and on the rural pipe,
Well pleas'd, the loves of swains, the dear delight
That on the flow'ry bank of murmuring stream,
Or wrapt amid the gloom of thickest wood,
The youthful Damon, with his lovely Maid,
Enraptur'd feels, I sung. Such strains no more:
Another theme invites the mournful Muse,
In stole of blackest hue enrob'd: A theme
That from the lyre demands the deepest note.

And

And could not Phyfic save her deareft fon ?
 Muft he too fall before the iron rod
 Of the all-conquering ruthlefs Tyrant ?
 He muft ! And where of all Apollo's * train
 Remains his match ? For fure thro' all thy works,
 Great Nature, his all-piercing genius ftretch'd ;
 And well thy facred laws he knew ; each fpring
 That moves the curious wheels of life,
 And action gives to the amazing whole ;
 Each nicer tube that bears the friendly juice
 Thro' many a curious circling courfe around ;
 From where, in groffer ftate, the wond'rous pow'rs
 Of the concoctive organs firft prepare
 The wholefome food, to where it runs in ftreams
 Of pureft purple, to the fount of life ;
 From whence, in rapid tide, it flows along,
 Enlivens, ftrengthens, animates the whole ;
 And thence, thro' many a maze and curious fluice,
 Returning, feeds its native fource again.

Ye fons of Science, fay with what delight,
 In fmoother flow of manly eloquence,
 Nervous and ftong, but fweet as Nature's voice,

In

* By Apollo here is only meant the God of Phyfic.

In these gay months when all is love and joy,
 Oft from the rostrum have you heard him teach,
 How from her infant dawn the Healing Art
 Rose to maturer age; how thro' the gloom,
 The long and dismal gloom, of Gothic Night,
 When with her sister arts depress'd, she lay
 By Tyranny and Monkish Ignorance,
 She shot her kindly beams; and bade her sons,
 Her genuine sons, withdraw the hated veil,
 And from her brow, with heavenly radiance dight,
 Dispel the long-collected cloud, and bring
 To fairest view her angel form. How blest
 The youth, whose happier star of heavenly ray
 Benign, smit with the love of sacred lore,
 To tread the happy path of Science doom'd,
 To follow such a heaven-instructed guide.

Oh say! what raptures felt you when the Man,
 The godlike Man, the spoils of ages set
 In beauteous order, and arrangement clear,
 Fair to your view, from sophistry reliev'd,
 And all the pride and pedantry of schools,
 And the conceits of weak and cunning men,

B

Who

Who oft, neglecting Nature's sacred laws,
 The road, else fair and pleasing, had perplex'd,
 With noxious weeds and vile intangling thorn,
 In Error's mazes ever doom'd to stray!
 How blest'd, when with a father's hand he led
 You thro' the boundless fields of Art; and still,
 With steady course, and never-erring eye,
 He pointed to the sacred hill of Truth,
 Unwearied, till the heavenly mount you gain'd;
 Where all the happy land, in plenteous store
 Of fruit and fragrant flower, and herb and tree
 Of choicest kind, and many a purple mead,
 And velvet bank, and crystal rill, with choirs
 Of sweetest birds on all the blooming boughs
 On ev'ry side, rush on the gladden'd eye,
 In prospect full and clear; where Nature's laws
 Eternal empire hold, and summer smiles
 Continual on the ever-cloudless scene.

Before him Sickness fled, and pale Disease,
 With all her hideous troops and cohorts dire:
 The burning Fever lost its torrid rage,
 And thro' the winding tubes and vast canals

The

The purple stream of life, in milder course,
 And softer torrent, run: Consumption flow,
 Of tim'rous pace, but sure; that like the Mole
 Still labours tho' unseen; or Warrior fly,
 Who, dreading open fight, digs under ground,
 'Till the firm basis of the fort's destroy'd,
 And tumbles on the plain the fabric strong;
 Left the weak shivred frame, and fresh the man,
 As vernal blossoms, sprung to life anew.
 The horrid evils of the long debauch
 By him were tam'd; and Venus' baleful ire,
 With which she oft her impure vot'ries smites,
 The fell destroyer of the youthful bloom;
 Wan-looking Melancholy chear'd her brow,
 Despair and Phrenzy smooth'd their horrent hair,
 And ev'n the Gout its poignant daggers drop'd.

HYGEIA saw, and smil'd; and all the train,
 With chearful brow and rosy-dimpled cheeks,
 That ever round the jocund goddess waits
 In joyful band; blest with immortal youth,
 Ne'er-fading beauty and eternal bloom
 They saw; and round his brow the laurel twin'd.

Tho'

Tho' vast the task, and arduous the design;
 Nor yet to Phyfic's sacred page did he
 His care confine; nor rests his merit here.

His was the music of the tuneful lyre;
 Each finer note that, floating on the gale
 With undulation sweet, th' organic ear
 In softest quavers strike; and the full blast,
 That from the trumpet bursts o'er hill and dale,
 With the low murmurs of the groaning bass.

Oh! come, thou goddess of th' unclouded brow,
 Of aspect sweet, and countenance benign,
 Still bent on good, and ever bent to please;
 Who, with a lib'ral hand, around thee deal'st
 The best of blessings, as that gracious power
 Who spreads the verdant carpet of the Spring,
 And all the golden spoils of Autumn gives,
 To feed, to succour, and to comfort man.
 Oh! come, Society; and round his tomb
 The mournful willow strew, and drop the tear
 For him: For his was all your gentlest powers;
 His was the gift, the bitter cup of life
 To sweeten; his the celestial boon,

To

To bind in firmest tie the social train
 In blest communion met, and heart-felt joy ;
 To bid the enlivening jest, the converse sweet,
 Flow harmless round, as flows the circling glass,
 To steal unfelt the happy hours away.

Friendship, but now a seldom guest below,
 Who rarely deigns to dwell with guilty man,
 But, like Astrea, to her native heaven
 Has long retir'd, found in his virtuous breast
 A mansion safe; and there delighted stay'd.

Morality, thou fair and comely Maid,
 Inspirer of the just and decent deed,
 The honourable will, th' upright decree,
 Sole judge of right and wrong ; tutor'd by thee,
 The loyal subject stoops in humble port,
 And yields obeisance to his rightful lord ;
 By thy sweet power refin'd, his duty pays
 His country, parents, kindred, and his friends ;
 And lifts his voice, in grateful hymns of praise,
 To that dread God, at whose creative word
 These wondrous worlds at first to being sprung ;

Tho' oft thou'rt but a specious founding name,
 Assum'd by knaves to cloak some filthy crime,
 Or the trite jargon of th'Athenian schools,
 Yet he thy influence felt, and force divine;
 And in thy robes of bright æthereal hue,
 He drew thee fair; and taught thy wholesome laws,
 And golden rules, in strains that ne'er shall die.

And will that bright celestial guest descend,
 And but a moment dignify the strain?
 Tho' weak the lay, and feebly touch'd the lyre,
 Yet thou bright ray of the eternal mind,
 Who raises man, even on this mortal scene,
 High to the rank of those pure essences
 That in the mansions of unclouded day
 Reside, kind looking Charity, descend:
 For sure you never warm'd a mortal breast
 With more of your æthereal flame. — But, hark!
 While thus I speak, borne on the sighing gale,
 From ev'ry wind what lamentations come!
 A num'rous train, not mourning his, but their
 Irreparable loss; of those he snatch'd,
 Some from the fangs of all-devouring fate,

Hard

Hard to the brink, by fell diseases brought,
 Of dire Destruction's ever-yawning gulf;
 And some, by cruel Poverty oppress'd,
 His gen'rous hand supported and reliev'd.
 These in the garb of woe, and plaintive song,
 Now hymn a requiem to the godlike man.

Endow'd with all Humanity can boast,
 Of manners gentle, and of soul sincere,
 Of faith unstain'd, with Pity's mildest beams,
 And kind Benevolence inspir'd, he felt
 For others woes; and like a cherub sent,
 By gracious Heaven, to succour erring man,
 And guide, he lent his friendly aid,
 Large as his mind; where, with unborrow'd blaze,
 All Science in her native lustre shone,
 Beyond the pride, above the boasted fame
 Of polish'd Athens, and imperial Rome.

F I N I S.

Hard to the brink, by fell disease brought
Of dire Destruction's ever-yawning gulf;
And some, by cruel Poverty oppress'd,
His generous hand supported and relievd;
There in the gap of woe and misery long
Now hymn a requiem to the good man.

Endow'd with all Humanity can bear,
Of manners gentle, and of heart sincere,
Of faith unshaken, with Philanthropy
And kind Benevolence inspir'd;
For others' woes, and like a cherub sent
By gracious Heaven, to comfort every man;
And guide, he was his friendly aid,
Large as his mind; where, with unborrow'd place,
All Science in her native lustre shone,
Beyond the grave, above the mortal frame,
Of polish'd Athens, and imperial Rome.

